

VOL. LXVI. No. 1712.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 22nd, 1909.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

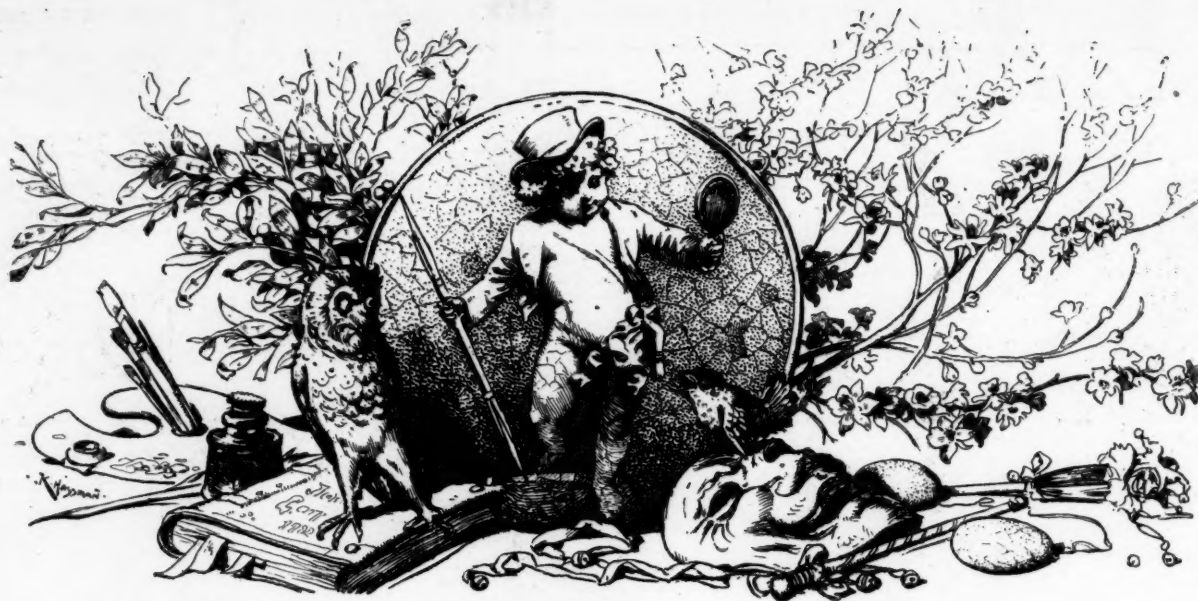
Puck

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ALWAYS LOOK A GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY. "WE fear the Greeks, especially bearing gifts," said a certain set of ancients, whom experience had taught. Senator ALDRICH, of the FINANCE COMMITTEE and Rhode Island, belongs very properly in the Greek class, and the "gift" which he is bearing and incidentally booming is the movement in favor of a Central Bank. Senator ALDRICH thinks the country is in need of such an institution, and he has made a number of speeches to that effect. Whether or no you agree with him depends upon your estimate of Senator ALDRICH. Has he demonstrated satisfactorily that he knows what is good for a majority of the people of the United States? When he says that a Central Bank would be a good thing for the country to establish, does he mean that it would be good in the sense that the PAYNE-ALDRICH tariff is good? If so, when he says it would be a good thing for the country, his meaning in plain English is that it would be an almighty good and profitable thing for a certain few in this country, and for their benefit primarily any bill drawn up or supported by him in Congress would be designed. The Senator may, of course, be entirely sincere and commendably anxious in this instance to perform a public service, but like the shepherd in the fable who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" when no wolf was there, and whom nobody believed when a wolf finally came, Senator ALDRICH's record is against him. The disposition of a good many people, west of the Hudson River, is to look no further into the Central Bank plan than the significant fact that ALDRICH advocates it

and that therefore they don't. There is a widespread belief among them that the United States in Senator ALDRICH's geography is bounded on the north by the Sub-Treasury, on the south by Exchange Place, east by Wall Street Ferry slip, and west by Trinity Church. A man is known by the company he keeps, whether the company be men in New York or measures in Washington.

THE Ice Trust in New York was fined five thousand dollars the other day, under the new DONNELLY law, for forcibly preventing competition, and the customary nonsense about "the moral influence"

of the fine upon the men who are the Ice Trust was printed in the newspapers. It was admitted that the fine itself was trivial, but somehow the mere fact that it was imposed—it won't be collected until the gamut of appeal has been run—is to bring about a miraculous change of heart at Ice headquarters. Nothing, of course, could be more absurd. In the trials of various Trusts, where the guilt of the defendant has been established, "the moral influence" of a fine has been simply to spur on the powers that be—those two-legged powers that feel so secure in their schemings because "you must n't punish men for the misdeeds of a corporation"—to spur them on enthusiastically in their familiar act of taking the fine, and several times the legal interest, out of the hide of the consumer, the shipper, the small dealer, or whatever rôle some portion of the Public happens to be playing at the moment. Some day, perhaps it is not too much to hope, cells will be occupied by gentlemen who now are but "morally influenced."



THE SPIRIT OF 'SEVENTY-SIX.
NOW IN EVIDENCE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

PUCK

SUCH IS LIFE

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

But when some friend essays the task
To grant the gift we humbly ask,
We pour upon his luckless pate
Not thanks, but — everlastin' hate

Emily L. Russell.

NEW GAMES FOR GROWN-UPS.

INTUITION.—An intellectual game. Very useful for establishing your wife's mental and judicial supremacy. The idea is to first select some problem. There are plenty of them around if you have been married a few years; it doesn't make any difference what it is. Then you must try to find the correct answer. After ransacking your brain until you find something that looks to you like a logical answer, you discover that she has already reached the opposite conclusion by the swift and easy process of intuition—which gives her the game.

PEACE.—A new game and very hard to learn. Dreadnoughts are trumps, the object being to bankrupt your opponents and control the trump suit. A great game for nourishing the war instinct without bloodshed; and while the originality of the idea naturally delays the development of the game, it already possesses the splendor and extravagance of its ancient rival. Some go so far as to say that Peace may in time become almost as popular as War.



AT THE PARLOR THEATRICALS.

THE PUBLISHER'S CATALOGUE SAID "THIS FARCE NEVER FAILS TO PROVOKE UPROARIOUS MIRTH."



"AMONG THOSE PRESENT."

THE DÉBUTANTE'S MORNING AFTER.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—II.

THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS, CHAPERONED BY XENOPHON, ARRIVE AT THE SEA.

PUCK



PARIS.

AS THE IMAGINATIVE AMERICAN TOURIST EXPECTS TO FIND IT.



SIGNATURES.

RAMBLED through a graveyard old,
Unknown to care or fame,
Above each grave there stood a stone,
And on each stone a name.

And as I read, it seemed to me
Like to a guest-book, where
Stray pilgrims set their signatures
On pages white and bare.

Since, but for this half-faded sign,
No mortal eyes might see
That they had traveled through this world
Unto eternity.

Charlotte Becker.

SHOULD HAVE INCORPORATED.

OUT in Cincinnati the treasurer of a railroad is said to have pilfered a sum of money so big that we hardly dare mention it above a whisper, but it sounds like millions. That is altogether too much for even an individual to steal, much less a treasurer. A corporation, especially a public-service corporation, could clandestinely annex an amount of that kind without exciting excessive comment. We do not mind that so much, because a corporation immediately distributes its stealings among widows and orphans. Individuals have only affinities to use as distributing agents. Corporations may venture more, but individuals should keep near shore.

A friend indeed is a friend who never resents your success so bitterly that he can't make you believe he's pleased over it.



A DOG'S LIFE.

CHORUS OF MIKE, NERO, CÆSAR, AND SPOT (at a safe distance).—
Oh say, fellers! Ain't he the cute little dear! His mistress named him Fauntleroy!

Prophecy reflects the ideals of its age. If heaven had been first described in our time, mansions in the sky would have open plumbing and stationary tubs.

THE METAPHYSICS OF LOVE.

(A PRONOUNCED MIX-UP.)



WOULD, sweet maid, that I were You,
Or else that You were Me;
For, being so transposed, We Two
As One might then agree.
If I were You I should be kind
And let Me closer come;
If You were I, You would not mind
If You should kiss Me some.
And so again, if You I were,
On Me my choice would fall;
And thus with You, You would prefer
Yourself above Them All.
Oh, let us change our Dual State
And be of Single Thought,
Or Life to Me will demonstrate
The Nothingness of Nought.

F. Moxon.

A TRUE STORY.

EXHIBIT A.

IN THEIR youthful days both—he and she—made
ten resolutions with respect to a future married
state then in rosy contemplation.

EXHIBIT B.

He resolved: (1) Never to talk "shop" or business
at home.

(2) To love her mother and all of her kin, and to make it
very evident.

(3) Never to show the slightest lack of interest in her old
sweethearts, beaux, or men friends.

(4) Never to complain, in any circumstances, of her extrava-
gance, the cost of her gowns, hats, and so on.

(5) To be just as affectionate and demonstrative six months
after marriage as ever before.

(6) To praise her household manage-
ment unstintedly, and never
to compare

her domestic endeavors unfavorably with his mother's or grand-
mother's.

(7) Never to forget that she is a woman, and hence apt to
change her mind most unexpectedly and often most unreasonably.

(8) To be patient with her attacks of "blues," and to
accept her probably frequent final "be-
cause" as all-sufficient in expla-
nation of anything.

(9) To let her have the last
word in all arguments, and that
without unnecessary or vexing
delay.

(10) To be truthful in expla-
nations of late arrivals at home,
morning, noon, or night.

EXHIBIT C.

She resolved: (1) Not to show
too much affection.

(2) Never to display the least bit
of jealousy.

(3) To discuss other women in his
presence only to praise them.

(4) Not to call him to the 'phone
during business hours, or frequently
to "drop in" on him at the office.

(5) Not to suspect that all his wild
oats may not have been safely harvested.

(6) Never to delay the prompt and
punctual keeping of all engagements,
and always to be on time at social
functions.

(7) Not to be unduly exacting regarding
club hours or acquaintances.

(8) Always to be "presentable" when he
comes home.

(9) Never to seem, even ever so slightly,
bored when he is around.

(10) Never to compare her children with
those of her neighbors.

EXHIBIT D.

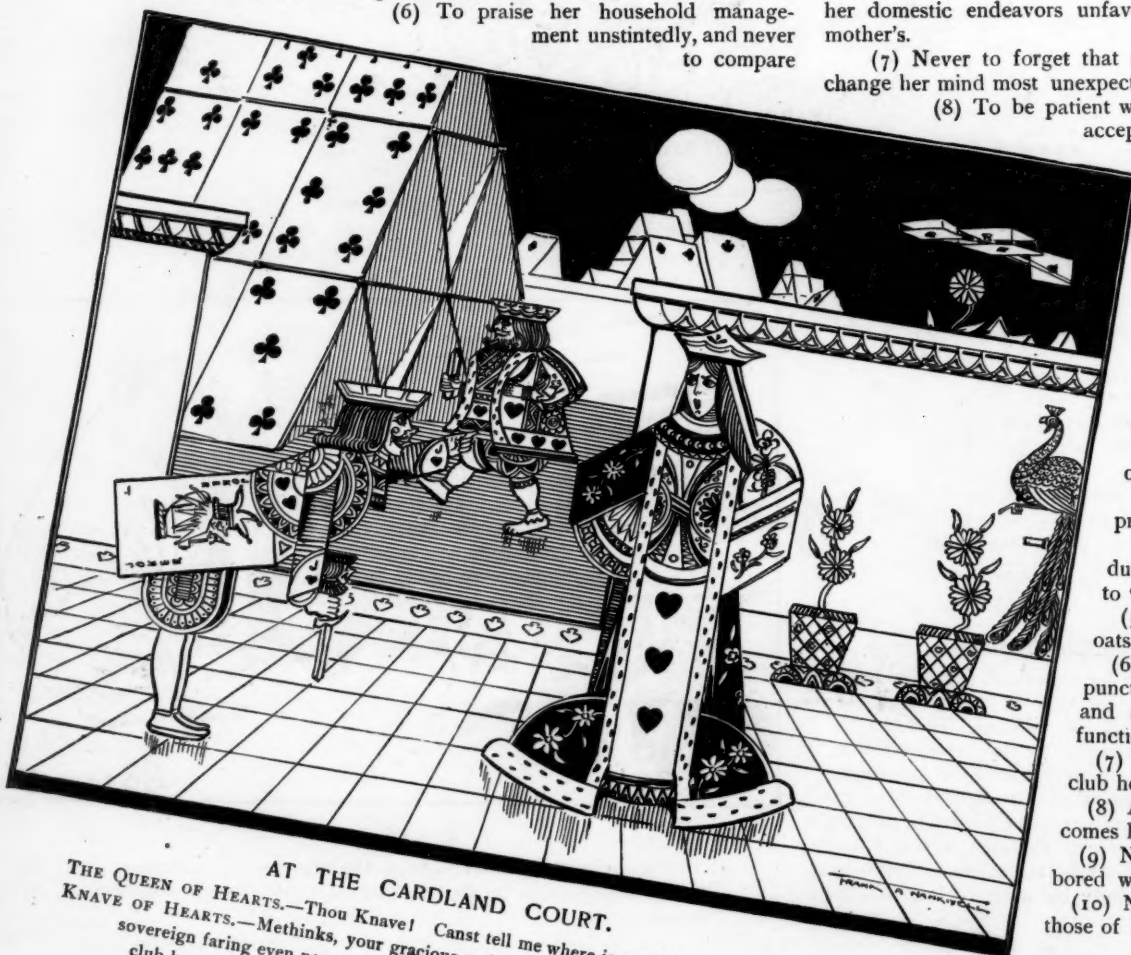
So they never met, never married, and both
lived happily ever afterward. Jas. B. Nevin.



AN APPROPRIATE MOVE.

"Well, well!" surprisedly ejaculated the patent-churn man,
who had not visited the hamlet before in several months. "When
did you change the name of this hotel to the 'Taft House'?"

"Right after we built on that big bay-window," replied the
landlord of the hostelry at Whittlesville.



AT THE CARDLAND COURT.
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Thou Knave! Canst tell me where is our lord, the King?
KNAVE OF HEARTS.—Methinks, your gracious majesty, that is our
sovereign faring even now toward yon
club-house.



UNPUBLISHED UTTERANCES OF EMERSON AND OTHERS.

Herein is set down a hitherto unpublished utterance of Emerson. There is no doubt of its authenticity: "An a boodely boodely boodely boo, doodely doodely doo!" It was his favorite way of addressing babies. Carlyle invariably addressed babies thus: "Kookey kookey kookey koo, kookey kookey koo!" Occasionally he varied that with: "Keekey keekey keekey kee, keekey keekey kee!" Shakespeare's conversation with babies was this: "Too r-o-sey! Too r-o-sey!" Sir Francis Bacon's was simply: "Kiklk!" David Hume said: "Boo!" Charles Dickens used to say: "Heeo, tan't oo yaph a itty bit?" Sir Isaac Newton used to say: "Howdydoogums!" George Eliot used to say: "Cunnin' sin'! Burdie!"

SANTA CLAUS—1909 MODEL.

TWAS the night before Christmas, and all through the streets
Not a copper was stirring. Asleep on their beats
They dreamed of the footpads that might have been there,
Red-ribboned for Christmas, marked "Handle with Care."
Our garage was locked; every window and door
Fast bolted and chained; on the level dirt floor
Stood our 1910 model, the car of the hour—
Catalogued 40-horse—really 10-candle power.
The chauffeur had taken off stockings and shoes,
(It was really a clever professional ruse.)
The stockings were his—so his feet would n't jar,—
But the shoes he'd removed from the 1910 car.
Now, the chauffeur was honest—for honesty pays,
But it does n't pay much in these motoring days,—
So the story he tells we may praise or may blame,
The essential result of the case is the same.

He says just at midnight he heard such a clatter
He ran to the door to see what was the matter,
And there stood a car, almost covered with ice—
He looked at the driver, and then in a trice
He saw 't was St. Nicholas,—think! Girls and boys!
The tonneau was crowded with toys upon toys.
St. Nick! Nick himself! and his fat little belly
Would have shook—if he'd laughed—like traditional
jelly.

But the Saint said: "My man, you can help me, no
doubt,
For my spark-plug is bent and my muffler cut out;
One cylinder's dead, and the others are weak;
Planetary transmission makes one fearful shriek;
There's something gone wrong with the oiler,—I fear
This ice has congealed all my new running
gear."

Now, the chauffeur was kind, and a
friend of the boys
And the girls who delight in
St. Nicholas' toys;
So he hurried at once to my
new model car,
Stripped off chain, oil-cups,
batteries, plug, clutch,
and bar,
All the movable parts, to the
finest of wires,
And the pride of my heart,
my detachable tires.
St. Nicholas sat with a smile
on his face,
And watched my chauffeur, as with speed,
ease, and grace
He repaired, changed, and tinkered, connected
and tested,
And worked like a Trojan—he never once
rested
Until the Saint's car was in perfect repair—
Ah! Would that St. Nicholas had n't been
there!
And lastly he cranked; then he stood, flushed
with pride,
As the old benefactor, mirth shaking his side,
Retarded his spark, took a nip from a bottle
He pulled from his pocket, pushed over the
throttle.
The car started slowly, it picked up, it flew,
And off went St. Nick—my accessories, too.
The chauffeur stood watching, he saw the
car pass,
Heard the roaring exhaust, smelled the scent of
the gas,
Heard the good old man say, as he sped out
of sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"



THE BONES OF HIS
ANCESTORS.



HISTORY ACCORDING TO OUR POKER-FIEND ARTIST.

WITH NAPOLEON IN THE ALPS.

PARIS NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT (*with the French Army*).—General, in a
dispatch I just sent I quoted you as saying: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." Is it O.K.?
NAPOLEON.—Sure! Quote me as saying anything you like and I'll stand for it.
Want to sit in a little game?

Well, my chauffeur is honest, for honesty pays,
So I can't blame the fellow—and yet I can't praise,
I suppose it is true—but next year I shall be
In the garage myself, so that maybe I'll see,
And I'll have my new rifle and shot-gun. I swear
There'll be no merry Christmas for Nick if he's there!

Harold E. Porter.

**The man who gets something for nothing pays the highest price going, and the
only price which yields nobody a profit.**



THE PUCK PRESS

A BAD OUTLOOK FOR
PITY THE POOR LEADER OF THE WASHINGTON



OUTLOOK FOR HARMONY.
LEADER OF THE WASHINGTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

AT THE Highbrows' CHRISTMAS TREE.

WILLIAM BABBLEBOY, the Highbrow, noble, superior, defiant, sat at ease at his sumptuous desk. He occupied the editorial chair of *Didbubble's Magazine*, and his Name was known among his fellows as one to be honored.

Rare joy sat upon Mr. Babbleboy's Brow; for it was the next day but one before Christmas. And yet, as this profound thought swept through his mighty intellect, a look of suffering appeared on the Brow.

When would it be Christmas?

He wrestled with the problem.

He rang bell number forty-seven at his elegant desk. Now, leaning forward, he gazed at the sweet and wonderful reflection of himself, and the lower part of his Brow, which were to be seen in the exquisite little mirror which a former editor had caused to be builded into the editorial desk that one might admire one's beauty and adjust one's scarf-pin as one engaged in intellectual pursuits. Mr. Babbleboy massaged some tiny lines which were beginning to appear upon his pink countenance, and continued gazing into the mirror with a deep and subtle appreciation of himself.

The Janitor of *Didbubble's Magazine* stood submissively at Mr. Babbleboy's elbow.

"Aw," said Editor Babbleboy, with superb intelligence and majestic restraint, "Aw, Aw."

His mind was at work.

"Aw," he continued, "I say, don't you know, Janitor, if, aw, to-day is—if, aw, to-day is the next day but one before Christmas, when, aw, is Christmas, and all that sort of thing?"

"Christmas will be day after to-morrow, Sir," declared the Janitor softly.

"You may, aw, go," said Editor Babbleboy.

Oh, Joy! It was the day before Christmas! Mr. Babbleboy had an invitation to attend an important gathering of his fellow Highbrows on Christmas Eve. All the splendid Muck Rakers would be there, and all the High Highbrows—the Magazine Editors of New York. All day long Willie Babbleboy labored conscientiously at his pretty desk. Such manuscripts as came before his editorial eye bearing evidence of being the product of minds disordered by reason he sternly put away from him. Half-a-dozen of the most remarkable of the contributions, from well-known Highbrows, he jauntily laid aside to be printed.

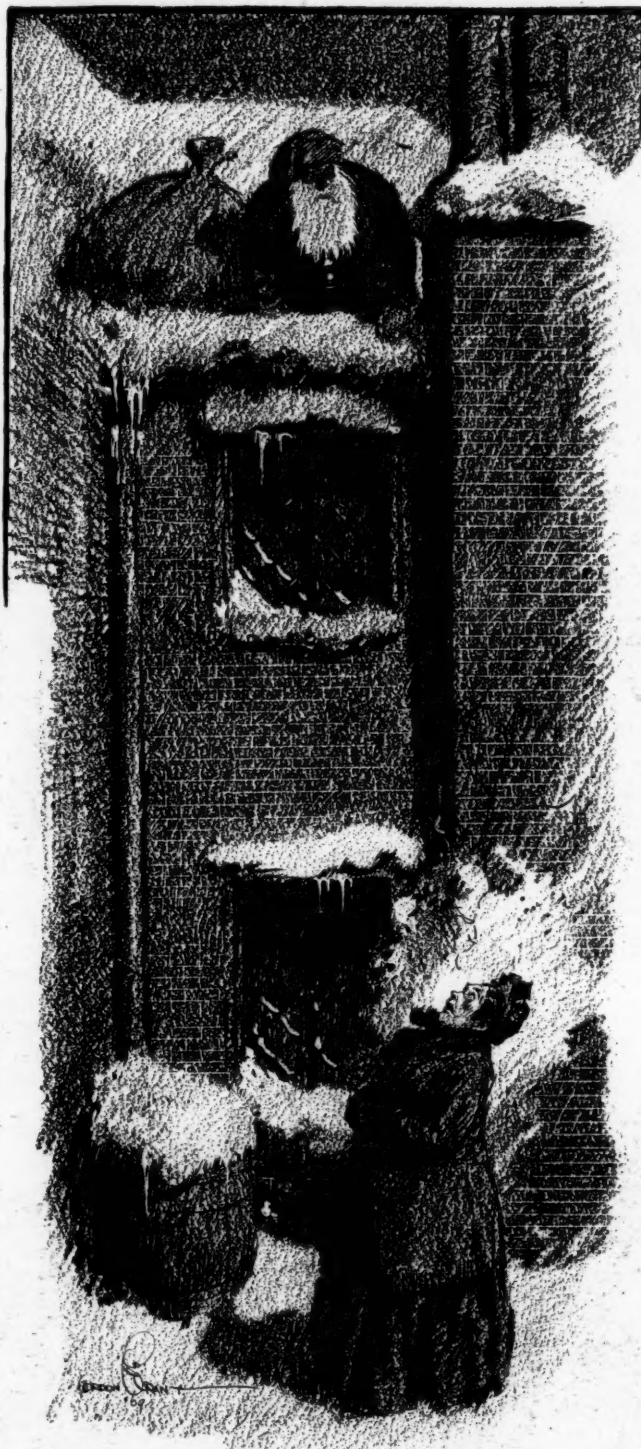
There was a perfectly lovely story about an awfully clever young fellow of the smart set (really smart, don't you know) who went down to the country for a week-end, and met a jolly girl at a house-party. Clarence Heckshaw was his name, and Peggy Gawffgirl was hers. 'T was the sweetest romance, don't you know. The very moment he stepped from the train from the city, with his yellow-and-drab suit case in his hand and his handsome violet eyes sparkling with the joy of living, she saw him as she sat in the pony-cart that they had sent her down to the station to meet him with.

She leaped from her seat and advanced to the platform uncertainly, yet smiling. He saw such a vision of girlish loveliness that unless there had been an awfully large mud-puddle right in front of him, by Jove, he would have dropped his new yellow-and-drab suit-case. As it was, he gripped it all the tighter, and, smiling into her eyes, said cleverly: "Awfully jolly day, don't you know. Don't suppose you'd mind telling me where the Pinkfeet's country house is now,—would you really, though? Hope you don't mind, do you now, really, though?" She answered in such a sweet voice that Clarence Heckshaw, man of



AIR SUPERSTITION:

A SHIP IS SURELY DOOMED WHEN THE RATS BEGIN TO LEAVE HER.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

NORA, THE MAID—Is that you, Santy Claus, me buck? Come down an' use me latchkey an' go in the dure loike a gentleman!

the world though he was, lost his heart then and there. Their engagement was announced on Tuesday. The dialogue which happened prior to the dénouement was just about the cleverest mental pabulum Editor William Babbleboy had ever read in his varied experience.

Mr. Babbleboy found a tenderly 'cute poem entitled "When the Libluks Pish the Lea." The very soul of the author was bared in this exquisite pastoral plaint.

Mr. Babbleboy ran across a dreadfully exciting story of hair-breadth incidents and really startling thrills which the author called

Great problems have been thought out in bed; but, of course, the sleepers were always twice awake.

"Falling Down Twenty-eight Stories and Bounding Back Again." "Great!" sighed Mr. Babbleboy breathlessly. "That," he said, in tones of profound conviction, "that is LITERATURE!"

And so the day passed. Christmas Eve was imminent. Editor Babbleboy went home early to dress for the Festal gathering of Highbrows.

They came from all over New York and parts of New Jersey. The hall where the gathering occurred was properly provided with a dome-shaped ceiling to accommodate the Highbrows. Once inside they were perfectly safe and happy. It was a bit awkward to crawl in on one's hands and knees, as the entrance was not really, don't you know, constructed for the accommodation of Highbrows. Yet once within it was "Just as It-sy as It-sy could be!" Willie Babbleboy said this and everybody laughed.

When all the Highbrows had exchanged greetings, and had had cups of Tea, and got the fragrant joss-sticks burning well, and it was quite positive that no newspaper men or other Lowbrows were present, preparations were made amid shrieks of Delight for Unveiling the Christmas Tree. All the Lady Highbrows were grouped tastefully near the potted plants on the platform, and all the Gentlemen Highbrows were gracefully arranged in Hollow Squares. Now there was a half-hour of witty sayings. Carrie Cold Spring read a Titter-Poem, while the Gentlemen Highbrows stood shoulder to shoulder, and the Lady Highbrows said (aside) "Isn't she catty, though?"

A literary critic of the New York *Chimes* passed the lie to a person connected with *Sharps*. Both were under the influence of Tea. The Managing Editor of *The Subway Magazine* stepped between the irate Highbrows, and received a dreadful blow eleven inches above his right eye.

All evening long Editor Willie Babbleboy of *Didbubble's Magazine* had wandered gaily to and fro among his fellow Highbrows, with never a thought of harm or wrong or woe.

The presents were taken from the Tree by the smart young editor of *The Hottair Magazine*, who was really so funny in his Old Santa whiskers.

Ah, the merry jests, as the Lady Highbrows tripped forward and GOT THEIRS. Especial mirth was aroused when a well-known lady novelist received a copy of an original song by a well-known publisher entitled "It's a Shame to take the Money on the Work You're Doing Now."

Everyone considered the source, however, and there were no hard feelings.

At last, Editor William Babbleboy's name was called. Amid breathless suspense he untied his package. Willie's present appeared to be something on the order of a mechanical toy. You could hear the wheels going round even before the cover came off. He held it in his hand, wondering, and all the curious Highbrows crowded about him.

The Thing was in two parts.

Cold chills ran down Editor Babbleboy's spine. He knew not why,—but it seemed to him that there was Mischief here.

A horror had come upon all the Highbrows that night at the fate of William Babbleboy. Some deadly enemy had sent him a present of a set of brains, with both lobes in perfect working order!

He had shrieked, and fallen where he stood, scarce seven feet away from the Christmas Tree!

Sadly, sadly, the party broke up, and the Highbrows went silently to their homes.

The next day Editor Babbleboy lost his job.

Fred Ladd.



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

GILLIS.—Great Scott, man! What do you call that thing?

WILLIS.—We decided at our house this year that we would give only useful presents, and this is the beautiful, embroidered, hand-painted snow-shovel that my wife gave me.



A Highway of Communication

It goes by your door. Every home, every office, every factory, and every farm in the land is on that great highway or within reach of it. It is a highway of communication and every Bell Telephone is a gateway by which it can be reached.

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The Bell service carries the thoughts and wishes of the people from room to room, from house to house, from community to community, and from state to state.

This service adds to the efficiency of each citizen, and multiplies the power of the whole nation.

The Bell system brings eighty million men, women and children into one telephone commonwealth, so that they may know one another and live together in harmonious understanding.

A hundred thousand Bell employees are working all the time on this highway of communication. Every year it is made longer and broader, and its numerous branches are more widely extended. Every year it is furnished with a larger number of telephone gateways and becomes the means of greater usefulness.

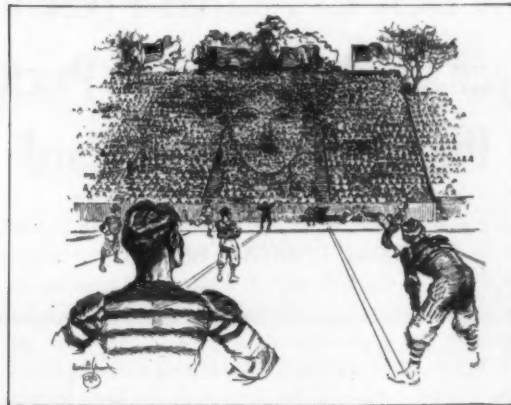
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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 10 x 12.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

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295-309 Lafayette Street



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**

Good? Well, rather.

INFERRED.

The journals give too little space
To one plain fact, forsooth:
The Arctic zone is not the place
To search for frozen truth.

—Public Ledger.

TROTTER.—During my travels in
Italy I was captured, bound, and
gagged by bandits.

MISS HOMER.—How romantic!
Were they anything like the bandits in
the opera?

TROTTER.—No, indeed; the gags they
used were all new.—Newark Standard.

"WHAT a beautiful head of hair
you have, my dear."
"Do you like it?"
"Yes, indeed. Where did you buy
it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"HAVE you any of this?" said the
man, entering the drug-store and
handing the proprietor a piece of paper
bearing some writing.

"Yes, we have lots of it," answers
the druggist, reading the word on the
paper. "How much podophyllin do
you want?"

"None at all, thank you. I simply
wanted to decide a bet on how the
word should be pronounced."—*Chicago Post.*

THE INTERRUPTED CONCERT.



I.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
getting the very best.



THE HOSPITALITY AND GOOD CHEER OF
HOST OR HOSTESS SHOULD INCLUDE

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

THE RICHEST PRODUCT OF THE BEST OF MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DISTILLERIES

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A NEW ONE ON HER.

"Nora, we are going to have a
Filipino delegate to dinner to-morrow,"
said the Senator's wife.

"I'm afraid you'll have to cook it
yourself," replied Nora. "I never heard
of th' thing."—*Lippincott's.*

PROBABLY.

PROFESSOR.—Mr. Fussem, what
tense is "I love"?

MR. FUSSEM (*looking at the girl
with the cute eyes*).—Intense! —
Minnie-Ha-Ha.

MODERN METHODS.

The saying "Take my pen in hand"
Was once the thing, you see;
But now each man of business takes
His typist on his knee.—*Tiger.*



II.

**PUCK'S ILLUMINATED
CHRISTMAS CARD**

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their
friends a **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** of a year's Subscription to PUCK,
will be glad to learn that we are still issuing our Handsome Presen-
tation Card. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A.
Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color printing.

**The Best Christmas Present—
A Year's Subscription to Puck and
Puck's Christmas Card**

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription
to PUCK as **A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**, but have refrained from
giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual
plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this
is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been
popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire
to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and
his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription
book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of
which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size 7½ x 5¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold,
is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an album, or to be framed,
thus-being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver
and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

**Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.**

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way,
comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our
only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making **A SUITABLE
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.** Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.

Club Cocktails



IF you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

FOR SALE BY ALL GOOD DEALERS.
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HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

DECOLLETÉ.

LADY IN BOX.—Can you look over my shoulders?

MAN FROM COUNTRY.—I've just been lookin' over both of 'em, an', by gosh, they're all right!—*Houston Post.*

BEGGAR.—Say, Mister, would youse give a pore feller a dime ter safe his life?

STRANGER.—I should say not. I'm an undertaker.—*Chicago Daily News.*

BAD BOY (*getting in a hard blow*).—There, take that!

GOOD BOY (*folding his arms with a meek expression*).—No, Tommy, I will not hit you back, because I promised never to strike a playmate; but (*kicking him in the shins*) how do you like that?—*Red Hen.*

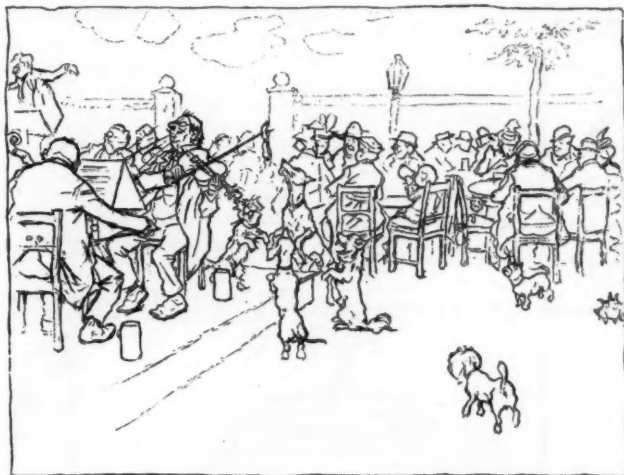
"You say it was your 'double' that stole the chickens?"

"Yassuh."

"You know I gave you thirty days once for chicken-stealing?"

"Ah remembah, suh."

"Well, this time you get sixty. That's the court's double."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



III.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

HIS OWN ESTIMATE.

"I'll give you a position as clerk to start with," said the merchant, "and pay what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh, perfectly," replied the college graduate; "but—er—do you think the firm can afford it?"—*Catholic Standard.*

IN THESE DAYS OF THE DIRECTOIRE.

WIFE.—The landlord was here to-day, and I gave him the rent and showed him the baby.

HUSBAND.—Next time he comes around, suppose you show him the rent and give him the baby.—*Punch Bowl.*

A SHREWD OLD DAD.

"And you will give us your blessing?" asked the eloping bride, returning to the parental roof.

"Freely," replied the old man; "no trouble about the blessing, but board and lodging will be at regular rates."—*Pearson's.*

Yes, friend,

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

Is the Finest
BEER
Ever Brewed

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.

REJECTED SUITOR (*dolefully*).—You say you will be a sister to me. What do you mean by that?

SWEET GIRL (*cheerily*).—Why, when I get married you may send me a nice wedding present.—*New York Weekly.*

THE SILENT BELL.

MR. BLUFFEN.—What! has n't the landlord sent anybody yet to fix that front-door bell? I'll go right down and see him—

MRS. BLUFFEN.—Don't bother about it, John. Wait a week or so; it's about time for the installment collector to be coming around.—*Cath. Standard.*

MEDIUM.—The spirit of your wife craves leave to speak to you.

MAN.—You're a rank fraud; my wife would never ask permission to speak to me!—*Boston Transcript.*



IV.

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The Nicked Box, with Hinged Cover, is so convenient that that is almost a reason in itself for using Williams' Shaving Stick.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

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NOT ALL HAY IS MADE WHILE THE SUN SHINES.
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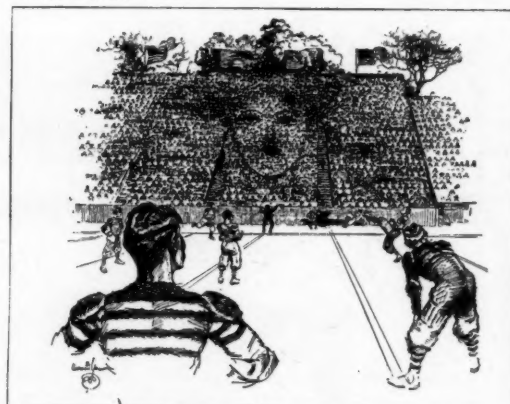
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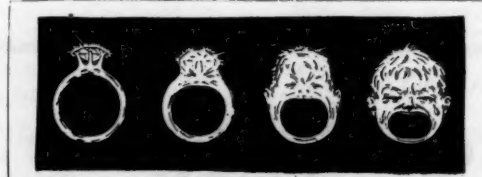
AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon H. Grant. Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
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A DEAL ON THE CURB. Photogravure in Sepia, 14 x 19 in.
By Stuart Travis. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke. Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
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DON'T FALL

FOR everything you hear. Don't get your opinion of PUCK from somebody who hasn't seen it in ten years. Form your own opinion. We'll take the risk.

The New York *World* in a recent editorial deplored "The Decline of American Humor." It took pains to be particularly tearful over the American comic weeklies which, it said, went right along publishing mother-in-law jokes and other jests, equally shop-worn, that were old when the Ark bumped Ararat. The writer demonstrated to his own satisfaction that American humor is in a mighty bad way, and he demonstrated to our satisfaction that he is in desperate need of the prescription given in this column last week. Said the *Buffalo News*:

"We hope that the New York *World*, the paper that deplores the decline of American humor, gets Christmas PUCK."

And what is true of Christmas PUCK is true of every number of PUCK. PUCK is not a weekly warmover of aged or aging jests. It builds most of its humor—its illustrated humor especially—on the news, the issues, the talk of the day. And it is the only humorous paper in America that *does* do this. No live daily paper prints the day-before-yesterday's news. And no live humorous paper prints the year-before-yesterday's humor. PUCK prints this week's humor this week.

It's no trouble for PUCK to show goods, because it's got the goods to show.

In reviewing the live and the timely, the *Literary Digest* reproduces more cartoons from PUCK than it does from any other American paper not a daily. Wonder why. Perhaps if you took PUCK regularly, you could tell.

Commenting on Christmas PUCK, the *Brooklyn Eagle* says of one of the illustrations:

"A pen drawing, 'A Revolutionary Christmas,' deserves special mention for skillful execution and dramatic power."

There is an idea in it, too. Because we do not choose to be "funny" in the crude, slam-bang manner of the comic supplements, we are not obliged thereby to be commonplace and dull. PUCK readers know it. Be one.

Don't wait to be asked "Did you see that joke in PUCK?" Get PUCK yourself and ask the other fellow.

PUCK : AMERICA :: PUNCH : ENGLAND

THE RETURN.

When Johnnie went away to school
He rigidly conformed to rule.

At first he joined a college frat,
And lost an arm and leg in that.

And then he made the Delta Phis,
Who gouged out one of Johnnie's eyes.

A "rush" that launched the college year
Deprived him of a useful ear.

He was so good, and glad to please,
That Johnnie made the team with ease.

He left a hand at Cleveland, O. —
A kneecap at St. Louis, Mo.;

His sternum cracked at Baltimore —
Interred his nose at Portland, Ore.;

At every contest, win or yield,
He left a portion on the field.

Thus gradually he was bereft
Till little of the boy was left.

We got his baggage home by rail —
The rest of Johnnie came by mail.

—*Buffalo News.*

DOUBLE VISION.

CHURCH.—I see the people of Milwaukee are congratulating themselves on a growth of 84,931 in population since the Federal census of 1900.

GOTHAM.—You know what Milwaukee is famous for?

CHURCH.—Oh sure.

GOTHAM.—Well, do you think they've got so much increase, or do the people think they see 'em? —
Yonkers Statesman.

A DISTINCTION.

"Some people say 'lunch' and some 'luncheon,' and yet, of course, both mean the same thing."

"I don't think so. My idea is that 'lunch' is masculine and 'luncheon' feminine." —*Catholic Standard.*

HIS PARTY.

BELLA.—Is the Duke a Liberal?

STELLA.—Well, his wife's father will have to be. —*The Sun.*



—ATSHITT

SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).

THE SOCIETY FOR SECURING UNDISTURBED MEALS FOR THE WEE BIRDIES OF LONDON.

—*Punch.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. "Its Purity Has Made It Famous." 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

1 The Golden Jubilee 1

8 of COOK'S 59

5 IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE 0

9 50 Years OF Unrivalled Popularity 9

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One Xmas Gift must be a Box of

Kuyler's Candies

The Masterpiece of the Confectioner's Art

The Candy of Character

ON THE CHARACTER OF CANDY DEPENDS ITS FITNESS FOR Gift Making

Sales Agencies and Stores everywhere

MRS. CHUGWATER. — Josiah, what is a "swastika"?

MR. CHUGWATER (*momentarily at a loss*). — Do you mean to say you don't know what a swastika is? A swastika is—why, blame it, Swastika is the name of the Eskimo that helped Cook to discover the North Pole! —
Chicago Tribune.

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lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 260 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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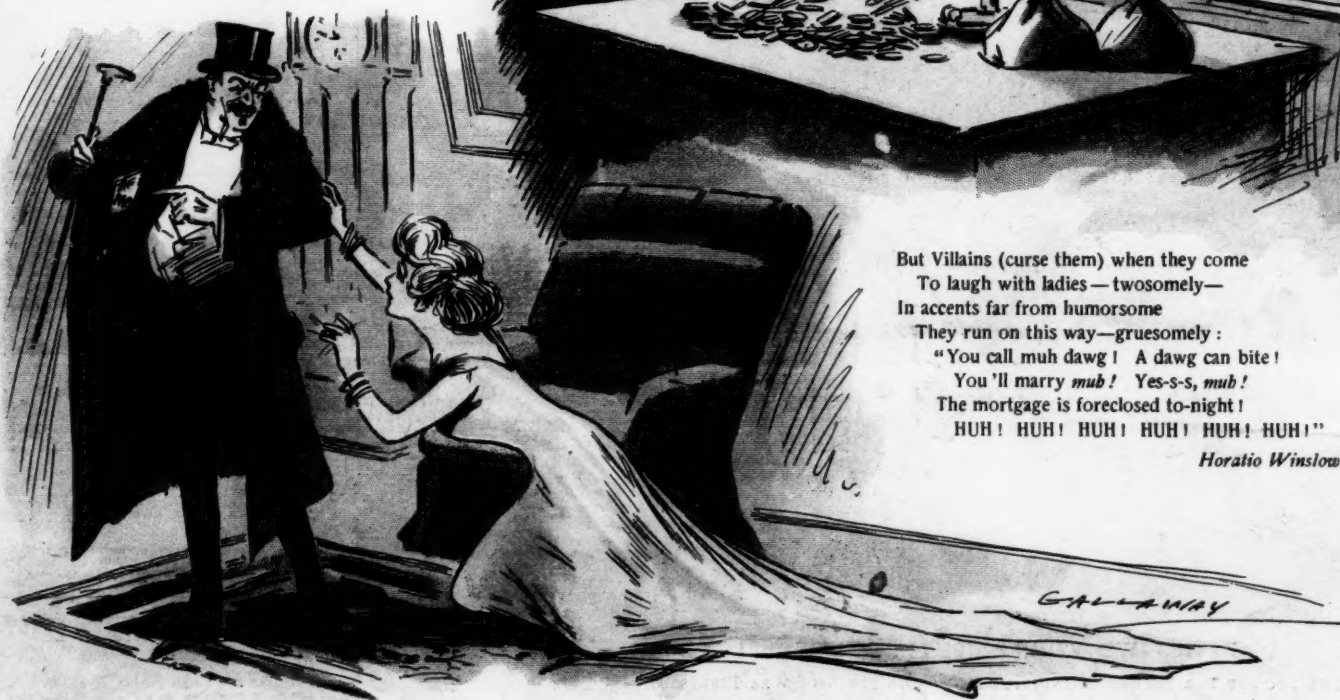
MUMMED MERRIMENT

THE laughs they laugh upon the stage—
There's such a vast amount of 'em,
From Chuckling Youth to Chirping Age—
You simply can't keep count of 'em:
The Freezing Laugh—laugh minus pith;
The Plaintive—shy and low;
And oh, the Hero bursting with
His Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!



The Heroine (light-hearted che-ild!)
Laughs rarely when stage centering,
But yet how joyously her wild,
Sweet laugh rings out on entering!
"Marie is Oh, so frivolous;
I think I hear her—ah!"
(Enter Marie, Right Center, thus:)
"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The Miser (*genus Stage*) is old—
There's only one variety;
He counts his imitation gold
And gloats without satiety:
"They'll never take you from me—no!
They're not too sharp for me!
I'll fool them all before I go:
Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!"



But Villains (curse them) when they come
To laugh with ladies—twosomely—
In accents far from humorous
They run on this way—gruesomely:
"You call muh dawg! A dawg can bite!
You'll marry *mub*? Yes-s-s, *mub*!
The mortgage is foreclosed to-night!
HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH!"

Horatio Winslow.

GALLAGHER